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PART THREE OF FOUR

BATMAN

TEN NIGHTS OF THE Beast

STARLIN • APARO • DECARLO



2500

DAY 5, 8:55 A.M. GOTHAM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

N859J

THEIR FLIGHT TOOK OFF RIGHT ON TIME.

IT LOOKED LIKE WE'D
FINALLY OUTSMARTED
THE BEAST.

WE WERE WRONG,
OF COURSE.

NO ONE COULD HAVE
SURVIVED THAT INFERNO.

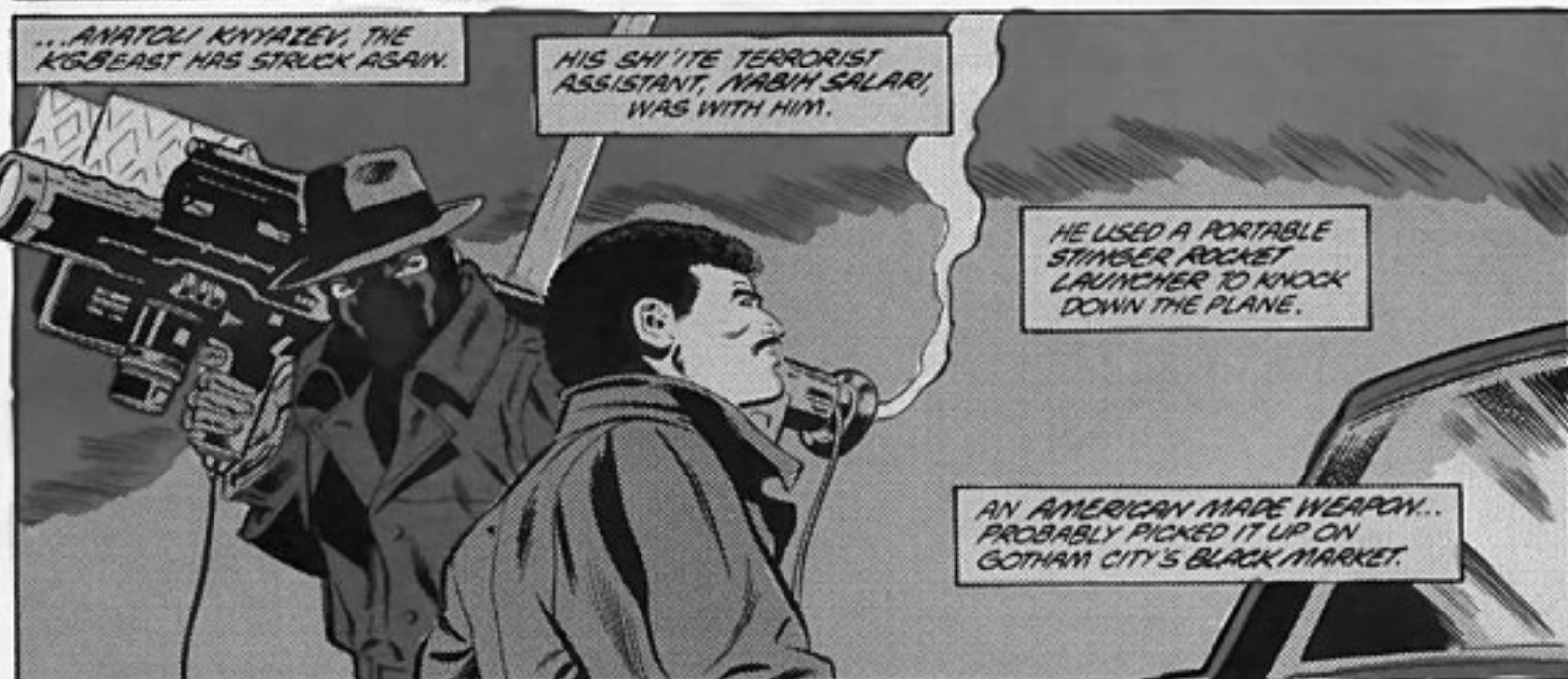
PART III

TEN NIGHTS OF THE BEAST!



A PASSING MOTORIST SPOTTED TWO STRANGE-LOOKING MEN PARKED ALONGSIDE AIRPORT ROAD.

THE DESCRIPTION HE GAVE US TO THEM LEAVES NO DOUBT IN MY MIND...



...ANATOLI KNYAZEV, THE KGB BEAST HAS STRUCK AGAIN.

HIS SHI'ITE TERRORIST ASSISTANT, NABIH SALARI, WAS WITH HIM.

HE USED A PORTABLE STINGER ROCKET LAUNCHER TO KNOCK DOWN THE PLANE.

AN AMERICAN MADE WEAPON... PROBABLY PICKED IT UP ON GOTHAM CITY'S BLACK MARKET.



I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE.



DAY 5, 10:15 A.M. POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE.

THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE, BATMAN.

CIA AGENT BUNDY KNEW THE RISKS, TRYING TO SNEAK GENERAL RIDWELL OUT OF TOWN THAT WAY.

...GENERAL BRIAN RIDWELL, THE MILITARY HEAD OF THE STAR WARS PROGRAM.

THAT MEANS THE BEAST HAS SUCCEEDED IN TAKING OUT 7 OF THE 10 PEOPLE ON HIS HIT LIST.

THERE JUST DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY STOPPING THE BEAST FROM KILLING OFF THE KEY PEOPLE IN THE SDI PROGRAM AND CRAPLING IT.

WHAT'S WORSE, BUNDY'S DEATH COMES JUST AS HIS DEEP BACKGROUND CHECK ON EVERYBODY INVOLVED IN THIS SECURITY OPERATION...

...LOOKED LIKE IT MIGHT TURN UP WHO THE TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST IS.

...THE TURNCOAT SUPPLYING THE BEAST WITH INSIDE INFO ON HIS VICTIMS.

I FEEL POSITIVE OUR LEAK ISN'T COMING FROM YOUR DEPARTMENT.

BUT THAT STILL LEAVES US WITH PLENTY OF SUSPECTS. FOR INSTANCE THERE'S...

...KGB AGENT ANDREI YEVTUSHENKO, ASSIGNED TO HELP US CAPTURE RUSSIA'S RENEGADE ASSASSIN, THE KGBERST.

THEN THERE'S FBI AGENT KEITH PARKER, WHO'S SUPPOSEDLY IN CHARGE OF THIS WHOLE AFFAIR AND HIS SUBORDINATES...

AGENT McDONALD

AGENT PERRY

AGENT GREELEY

AGENT LEONARD

AGENT STOUT

WELL, AT LEAST WE HAVE TARGETS #8 AND 9, SENATOR DAYLE AND CONGRESSMAN BURNS, SAFELY STASHED OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

MAYBE NOT.

PARKER WENT TO THE MAYOR, COMPLAINED ABOUT MY NOT TELLING HIM WHERE WE'VE HIDDEN DAYLE AND BURNS.

BUT IT'S STILL MY MEN STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE THEIR HOTEL ROOMS.

THEN THEY SHOULD BE SAFE UNTIL THEY GO TO THAT FUND RAISING BANQUET TONIGHT.

ROBIN AND I WILL BE THERE TO LEND AN INCONSPICUOUS HAND. WE'LL ARRANGE IT SO WE WON'T BE SEEN BY...

...AGENT PARKER. HE'S ON HIS WAY HERE.

THANKS.

I HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED AT THE AIRPORT, GORDON.



WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF I'D BEEN IN CHARGE OF THAT OPERATION.

THAT'S WHY I WANT ALL THE DETAILS ON HOW YOU'RE PLANNING TO TRANSPORT THE SENATOR AND CONGRESSMAN TO THAT DINNER THIS EVENING.



WE'VE GOT THEM AT THE COMMODORE HOTEL AND...

IT FIGURES THAT PARKER WOULD WANT THAT INFO.



HE'D WANT THAT INFORMATION WHETHER HE WAS STRAIGHT OR NOT, ROBIN.

MY GUESS IS THAT HE'S NOT. I THINK HE'S OUR SPY.



YOU HEARD WHAT BUNDY TOLD US BEFORE HE WENT OFF ON HIS ILL FATED FLIGHT.

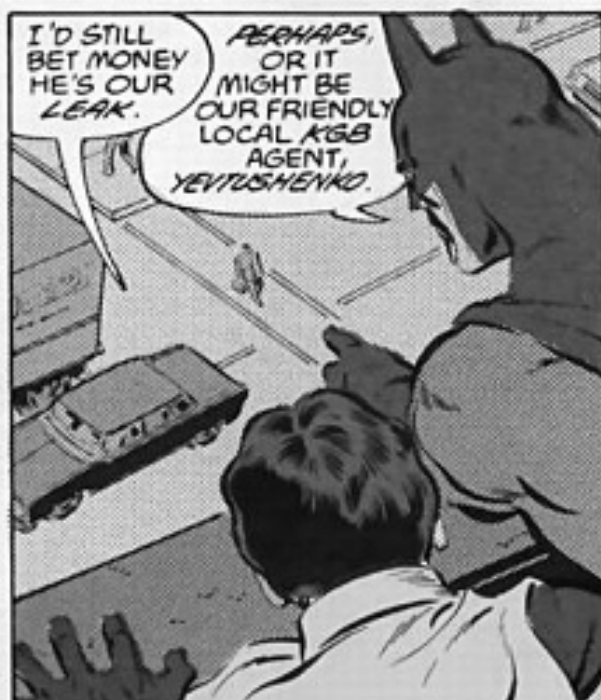
THE BACKGROUND CHECK ON PARKER REVEALED, THAT BACK IN COLLEGE, HE WAS AFFILIATED WITH THE STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY.

THAT'S THE GROUP THE RADICAL WEATHERMEN SPRANG FROM.



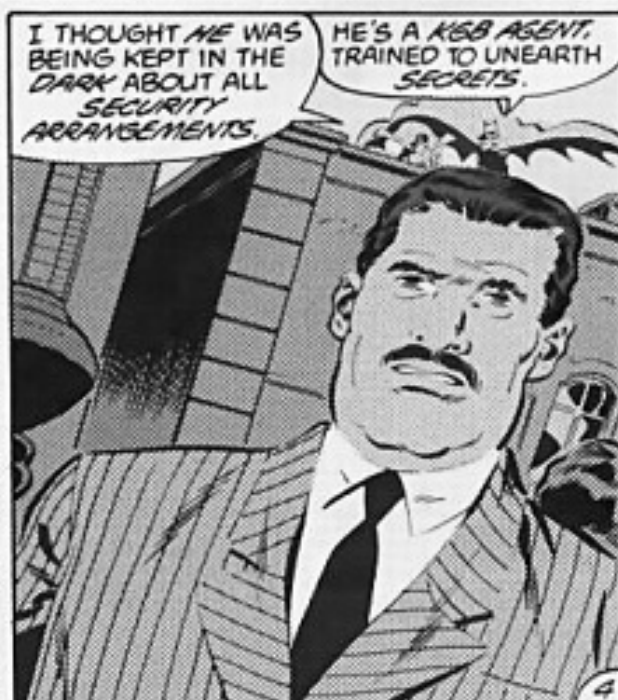
BACK IN THE LATE SIXTIES, A LOT OF COLLEGE STUDENTS JOINED THE SDS TO PROTEST THE WAR IN VIETNAM.

HAVING BEEN A MEMBER OF THAT GROUP DOESN'T MAKE PARKER A COMMUNIST SPY, ROBIN.



I'D STILL BET MONEY HE'S OUR LEAK.

PERSHAPS, OR IT MIGHT BE OUR FRIENDLY LOCAL KGB AGENT, YEVTUSHENKO.



I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING KEPT IN THE DARK ABOUT ALL SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS.

HE'S A KGB AGENT, TRAINED TO UNEARTH SECRETS.



THEN AGAIN THE *SOVIETS* MAY HAVE TRULY SENT HIM TO HELP US CATCH KNYAZEV.

HOW WOULD IT LOOK IN THE WORLD PRESS, *BERSERK RUSSIAN ASSASSIN* KILLING U.S. SCIENTISTS AND POLITICIANS?

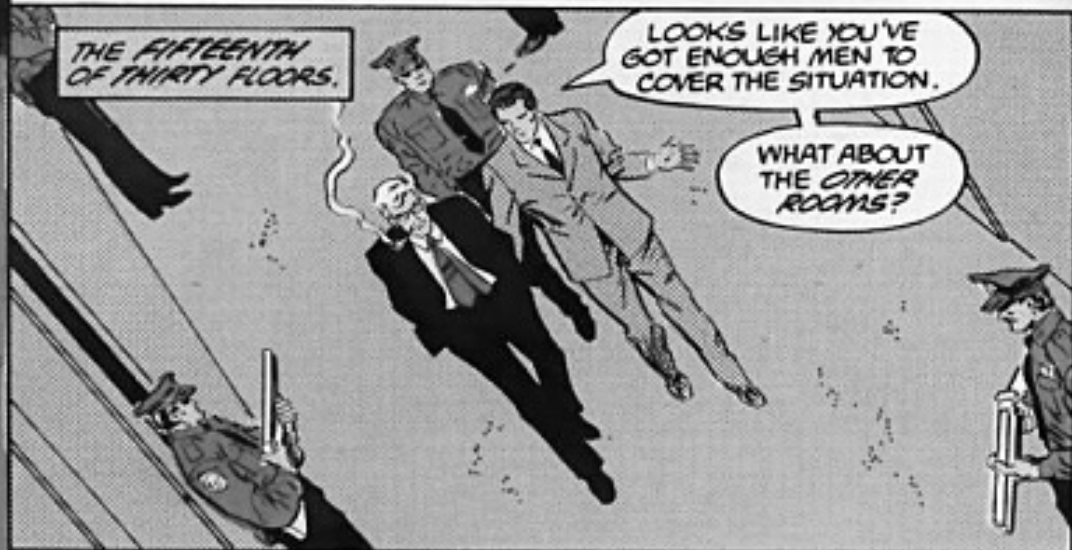
I GUESS WE WON'T KNOW THE *WHOLE TRUTH* UNTIL WE'VE CAGED THE *BEAST*.

DAY 5, 7:14 PM. THE COMMODORE HOTEL.



I ARRIVED EARLY AND IN DISGUISE.

THE FIFTEENTH OF THIRTY FLOORS.



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH MEN TO COVER THE SITUATION.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER ROOMS?

WE HAD THE HOTEL EMPTY THE *ENTIRE FLOOR* ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.



THERE'S *NO ONE* STAYING HERE, EXCEPT THE *CONGRESSMAN* AND THE *SENATOR*, DOWN THE HALL.

THERE'S A *LIMO* AND *POLICE ESCORT* WAITING IN THE BASEMENT PARKING LOT TO TAKE THEM TO THE DINNER.

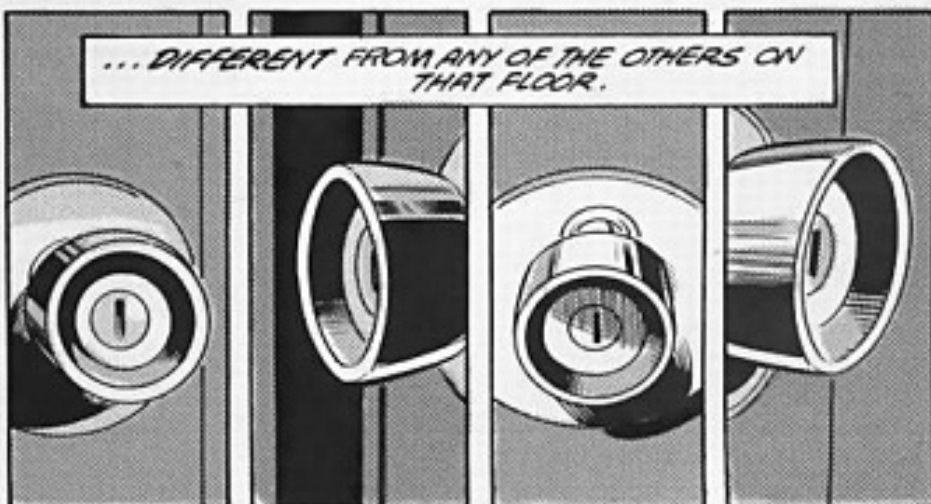
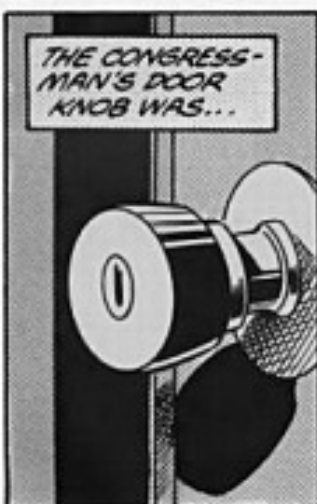
IT ALL SEEMS IN ORDER. *GOOD JOB*, GORDON.



JUST MAKE SURE THE *BATMAN* STAYS AWAY FROM THIS SET UP.



I DON'T TRUST THAT MAN.





MY GUESS, IT WAS A SHARPED PLASTIQUE CHARGE, FOCUSED TO BLOW INTO THE ROOM.

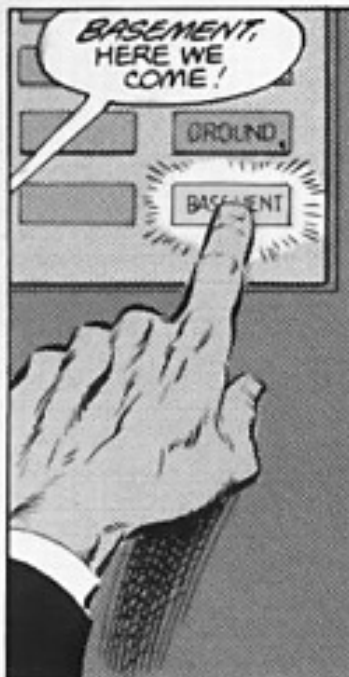
YOU OKAY?

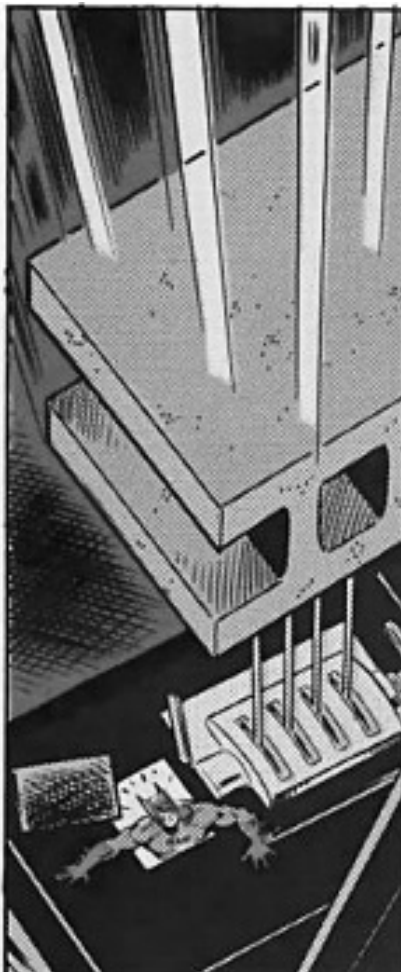
FINE. CHECK ON THE CONGRESSMAN!

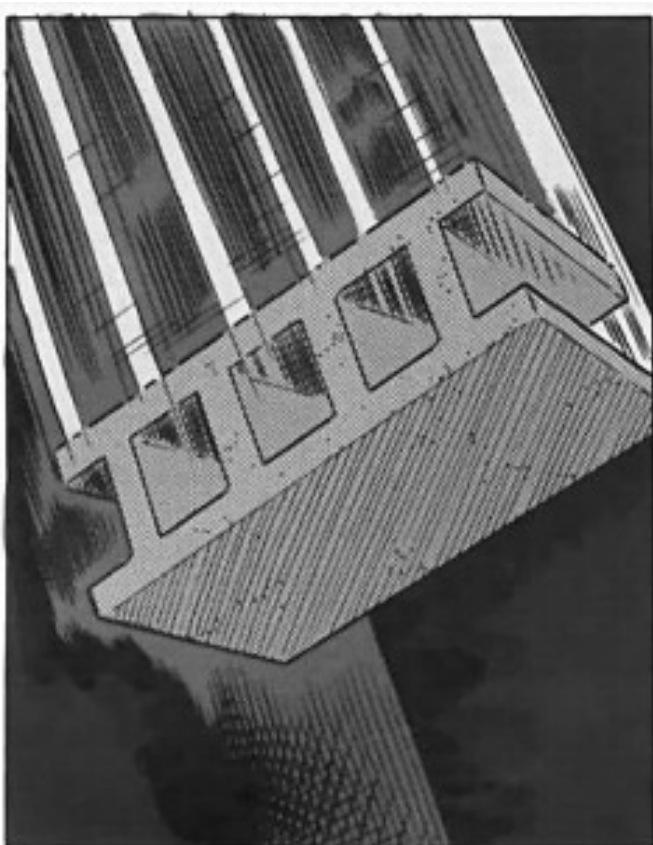
THE CONGRESSMAN AND HIS AIDE...

... BOTH DEAD.









CAN'T STAY HERE!



HAVE TO GO
AFTER HIM.

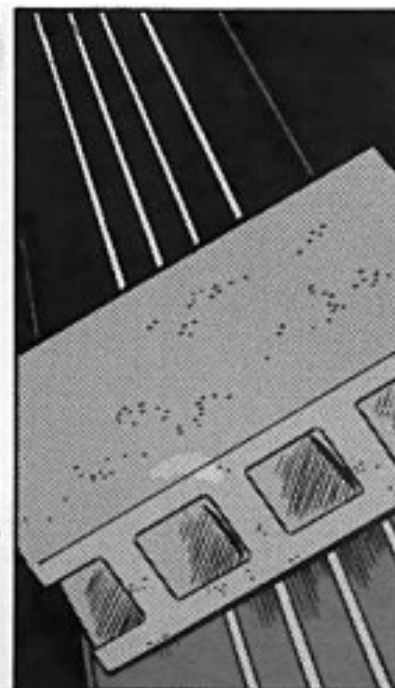
HOTEL MUST BE
HAVING SOME
CONSTRUCTION
TAKING PLACE ON
THE TOP FLOOR,
FIFTEEN STORIES
ABOVE ME.



THE MANAGEMENT HAS PROVIDED
ALL THE CONCRETE MISSILES THE
BEAST WILL EVER NEED.

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A GOOD
HOTEL BY THE WAY THE STAFF
FORESEES AND ATTENDS TO
THE EVERY NEED OF THEIR GUESTS.





THOSE CEMENT BLOCKS
BUILD UP A LOT OF
MOMENTUM, FALLING
FIFTEEN STORIES.



THEY HIT THE
ELEVATOR COM-
PARTMENT WITH
THE POWER OF
AN ANTI-TANK
ROCKET.



THAT'S
RIGHT!

I SAID THE
BEAST IS ON
THE TOP
FLOOR!



GET A SQUAD OF
MEN UP THERE
ON THE DOUBLE!

TAKE HIM OUT
BEFORE HE KILLS
US ALL!



WE'RE ON
OUR WAY,
COMMISSIONER!

HOLD
ON!

MY ASCENT
SEEMS TO
TAKE
FOREVER.

EACH CINDER
BLOCK
MISSILE
MISSES ME
BY MERE
INCHES.

THE STEEL
CABLE
CUTS
THROUGH MY
GLOVES INTO
MY HANDS.

THE BLOOD AND PAIN MAKE
THE CLIMB ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.

THE BEAST AND
I FINALLY SPOT
EACH OTHER
ALMOST
SIMULTANEOUSLY.

HE GIVES UP ON THE CINDER
BLOCKS.



HE'S CARRYING A 16 SHOT .9MM
BERETTA.



HIS FIRST 12 SHOTS MISS.



BUT UNLUCKY #13 HAS
MY NAME ON IT.



I GET LUCKY.



THE REST OF THE CLIP
MISS THEIR MARK.

IT SHOULD
TAKE HIM
3 SECONDS
TO RELOAD.

KLIK



I DON'T WASTE
A MOMENT.



I HAVE TO USE MY
INJURED ARM ON THE
THROW.



THE FIRST DART.
MISSES THE
BEAST'S THROAT.

THE SECOND DART
IS RIGHT ON TARGET.



THAT'S THE MOMENT THE POLICE DECIDE TO
BREAK IN ON HIM.

BUT THE BEAST IS
NEVER TAKEN
UNAWARE AND
HELPLESS.

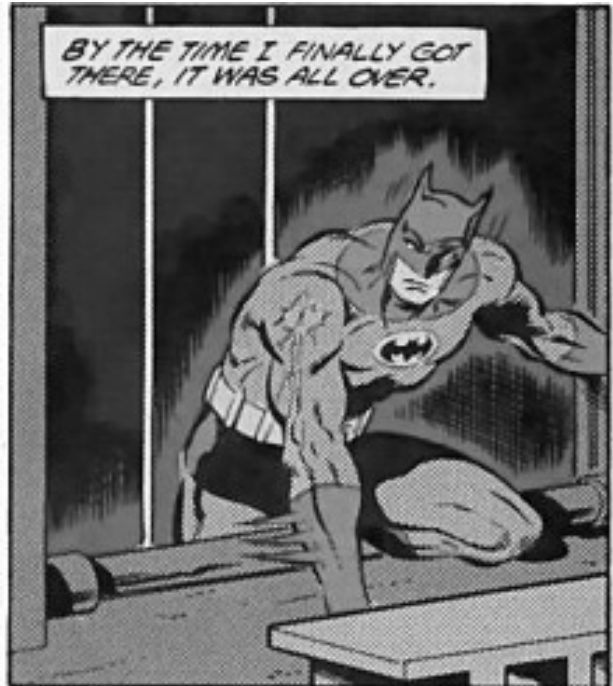
EVERYTHING
IN THE WORLD'S
A WEAPON AS
FAR AS HE'S
CONCERNED.

THE POLICE, UNFORTUNATELY,
HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO GIVE
A SUSPECT A CHANCE TO
SURRENDER BEFORE THEY
OPEN FIRE.

THAT MOMENT'S HESITATION
IS ALL THE RUSSIAN KILLING
MACHINE NEEDS.

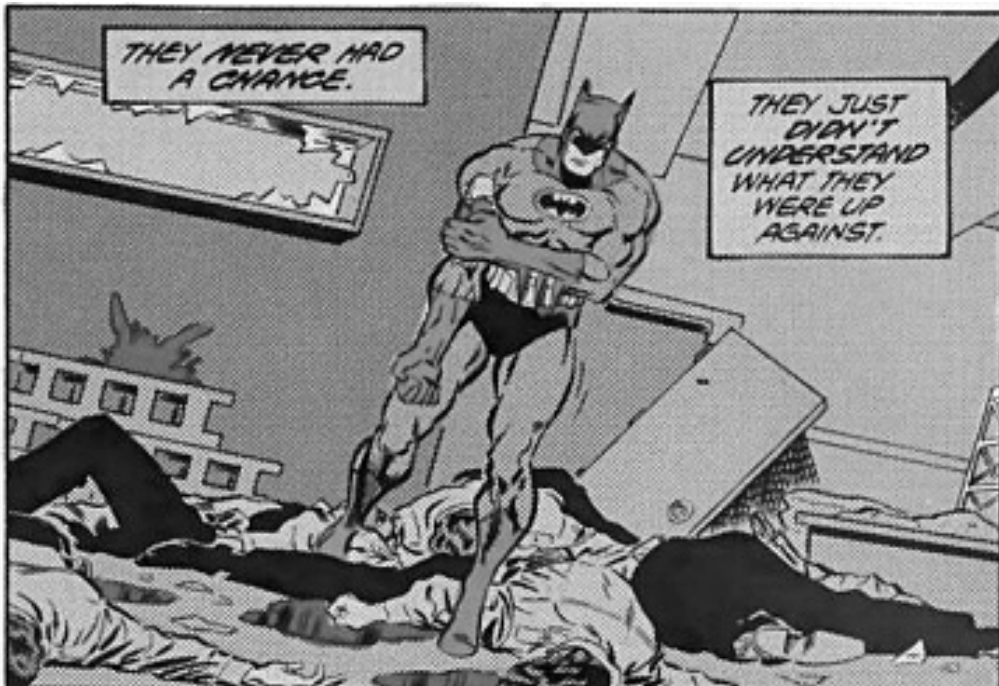
HALF OF THE OFFICERS
NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT
THEM.

BY THE TIME I FINALLY GOT
THERE, IT WAS ALL OVER.



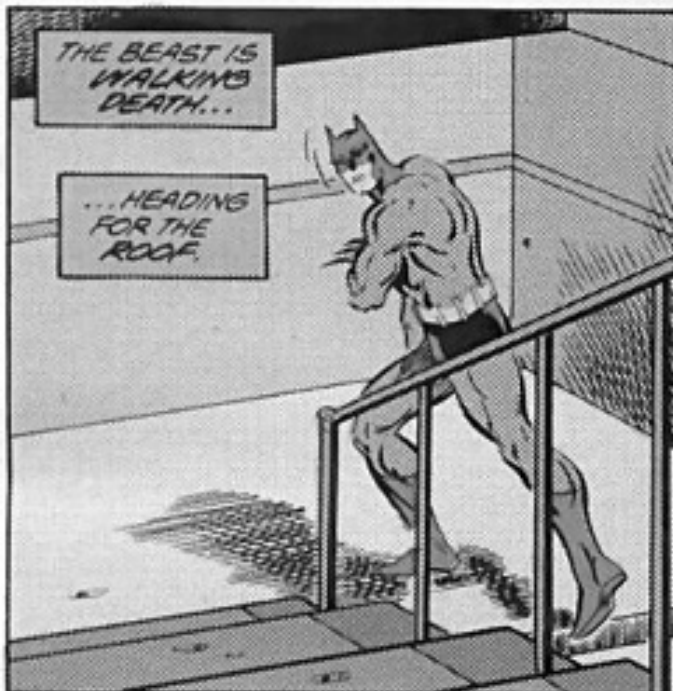
THEY NEVER HAD
A CHANCE.

THEY JUST
DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT THEY
WERE UP
AGAINST.



THE BEAST IS
WALKING
DEATH...

...HEADING
FOR THE
ROOF.



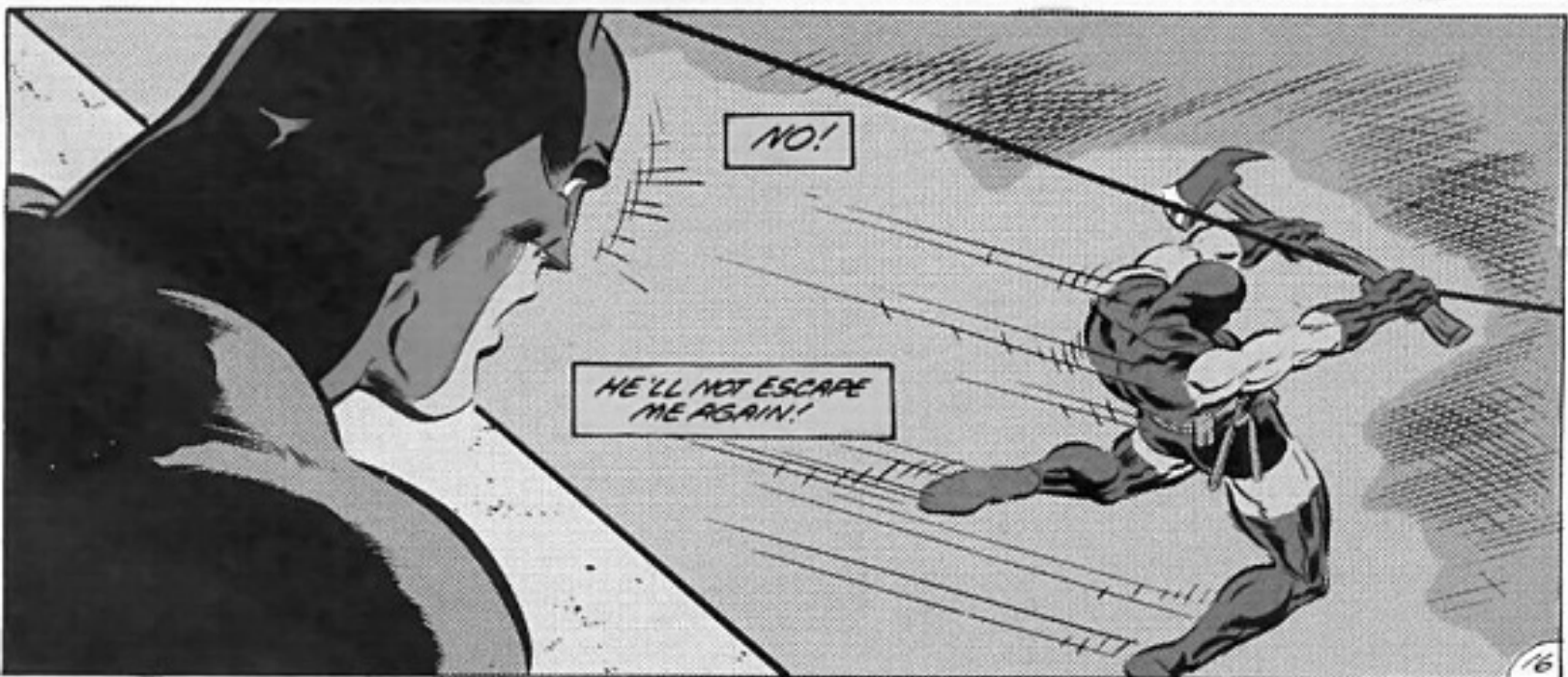
THERE HE IS!

WHAT'S HE
UP TO?



NO!

HE'LL NOT ESCAPE
ME AGAIN!





I FIGURE I CAN CATCH UP WITH THE BEAST ONCE I GET ACROSS THIS LINE.



BUT THE BEAST DOESN'T CONTINUE TO RABBIT ONCE HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE.



THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE MISJUDGED THIS TRANSFER.

IT MAY BE THE LAST.

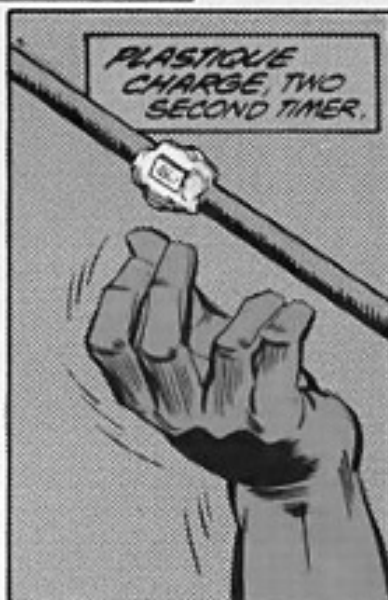
CHTHUNK

GUESS HE FIGURES IF HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO FACE ME, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE UNDER HIS TERMS.

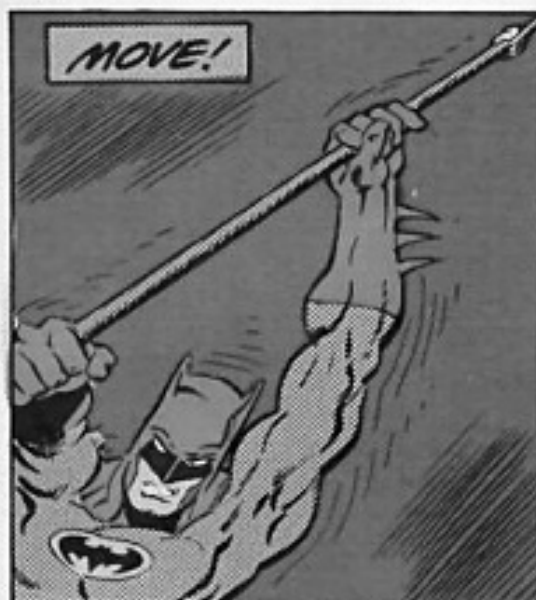


ONE, MAYBE TWO MORE CHOPS AND I'M HISTORY.

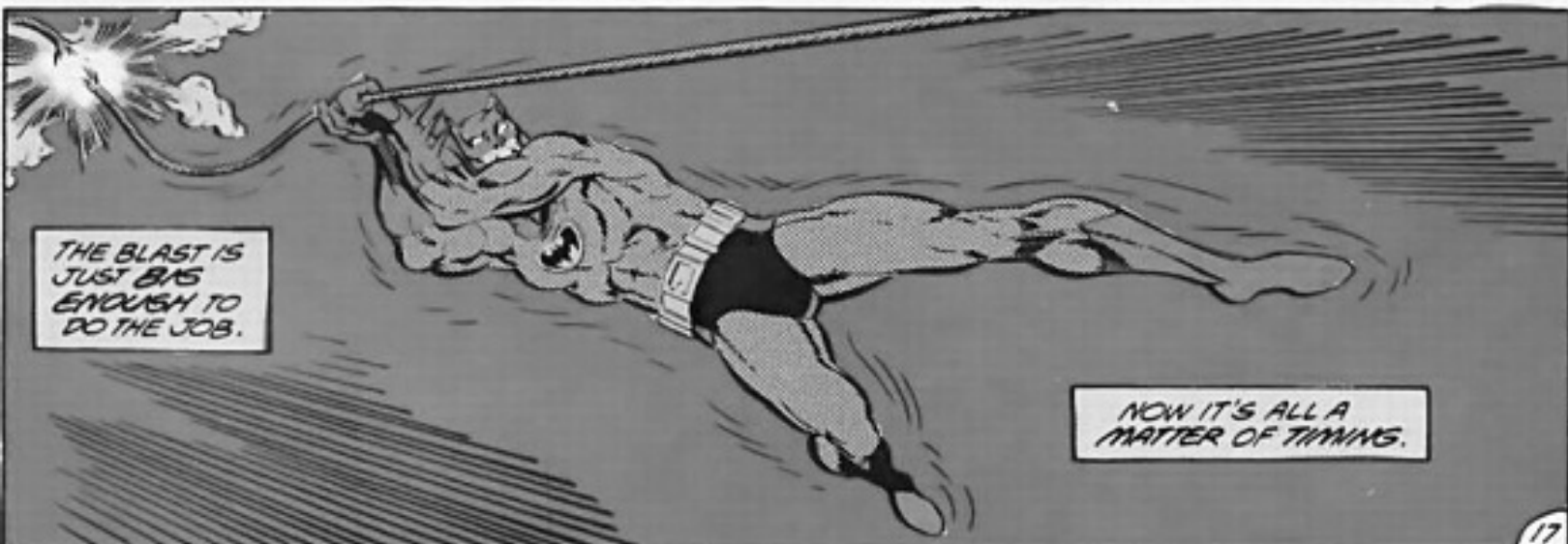
ONE CHANCE.



PLASTIQUE CHARGE, TWO SECOND TIMER.

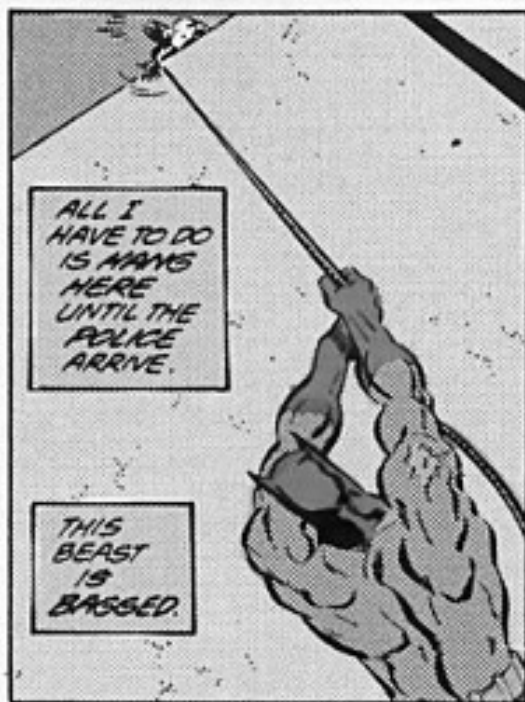
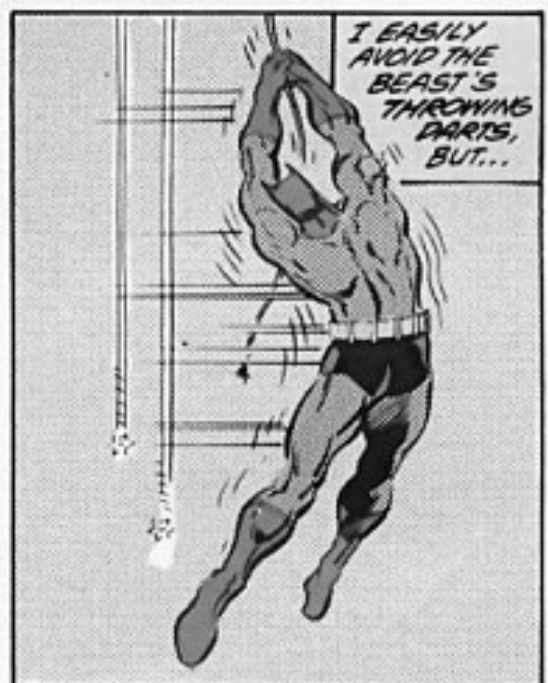
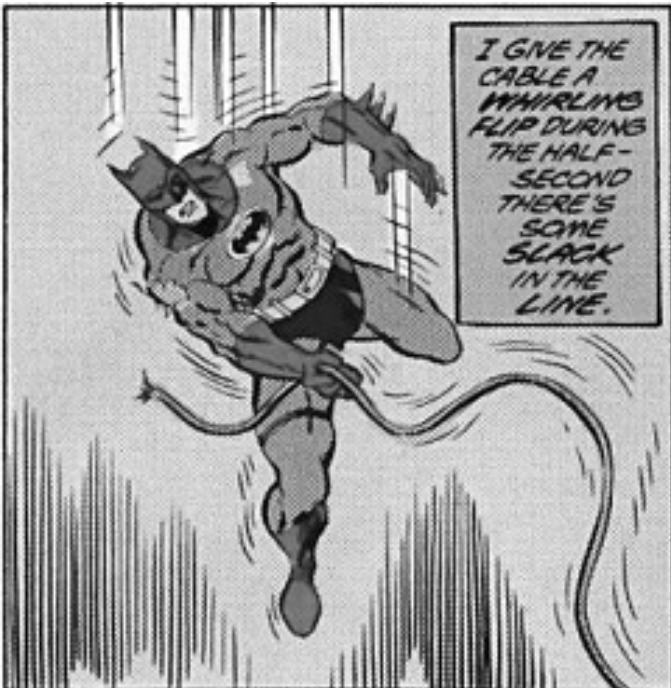


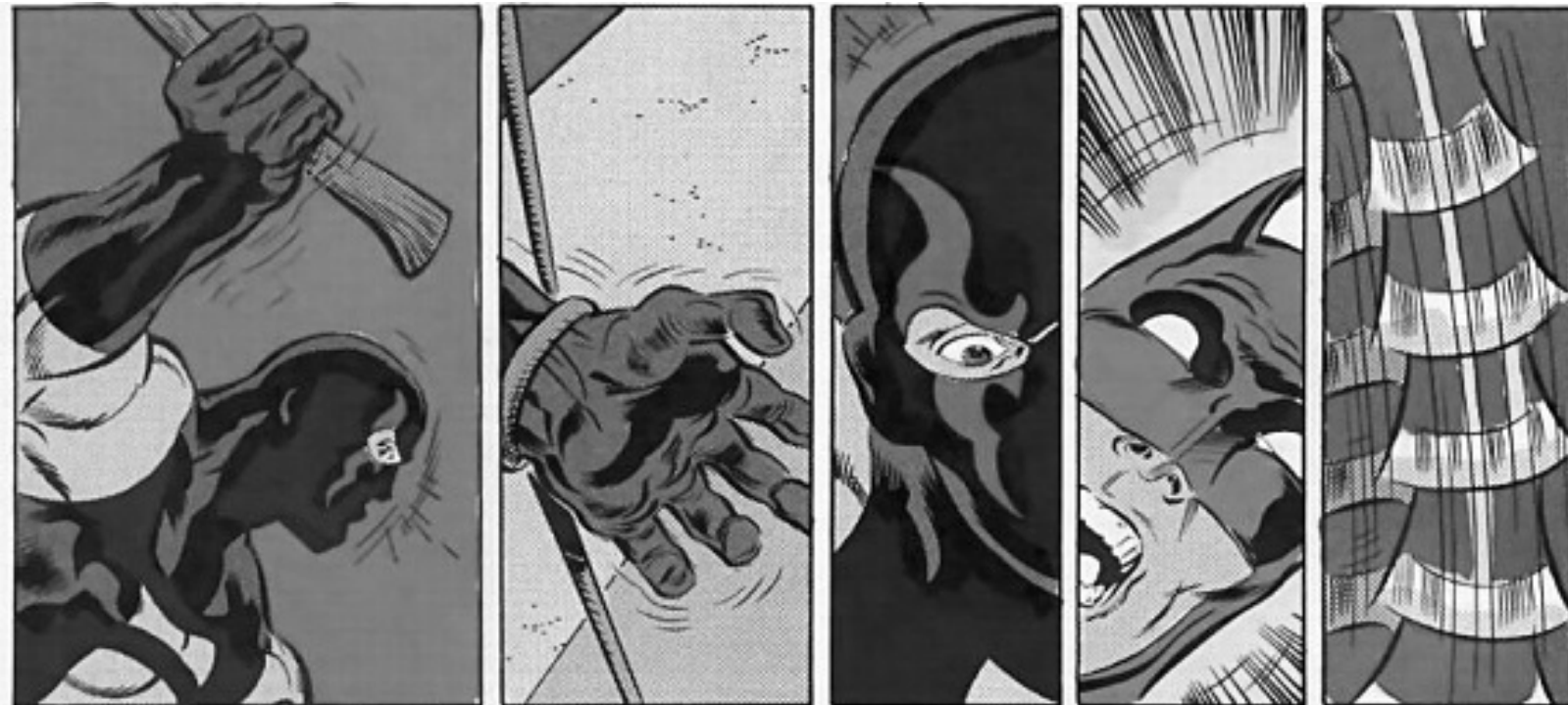
MOVE!



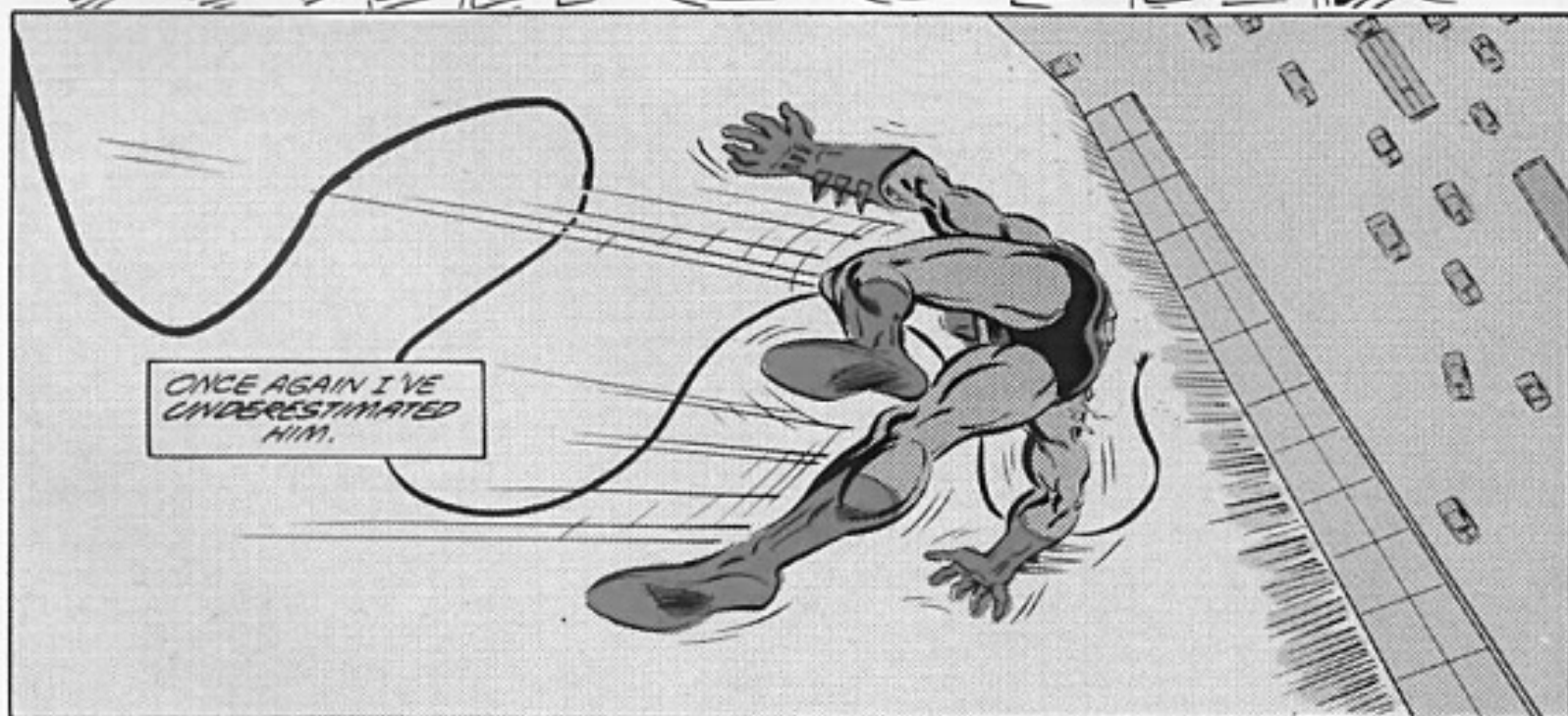
THE BLAST IS JUST BAS ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB.

NOW IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TIMING.





KATHUUNK!



... THE BEAST TURNS AROUND
AND SWEARS AN OATH.

IF ANYONE WERE AROUND
TO HEAR IT, THEY WOULDN'T
UNDERSTAND THE WORDS,
THEY'RE IN RUSSIAN.

BUT ONE LOOK INTO
THE MAN'S EYES
WOULD CLARIFY HIS
MEANING.

"I WILL BE BACK!"

SO WILL I, AS SOON AS I GET
BANDAGED UP A BIT.

TOUGHER FOR
SOME THAN
FOR OTHERS.

THE BEAST'S BODY
COUNT IN GOTHAM IS
NEARING THE TRIPLE
DIGIT MARK.

IT'S LIKE
A WAR.

WELL, AT LEAST
WE SAVED ONE
OF THE BEAST'S
INTENDED VICTIMS,
SENATOR
DAILE.

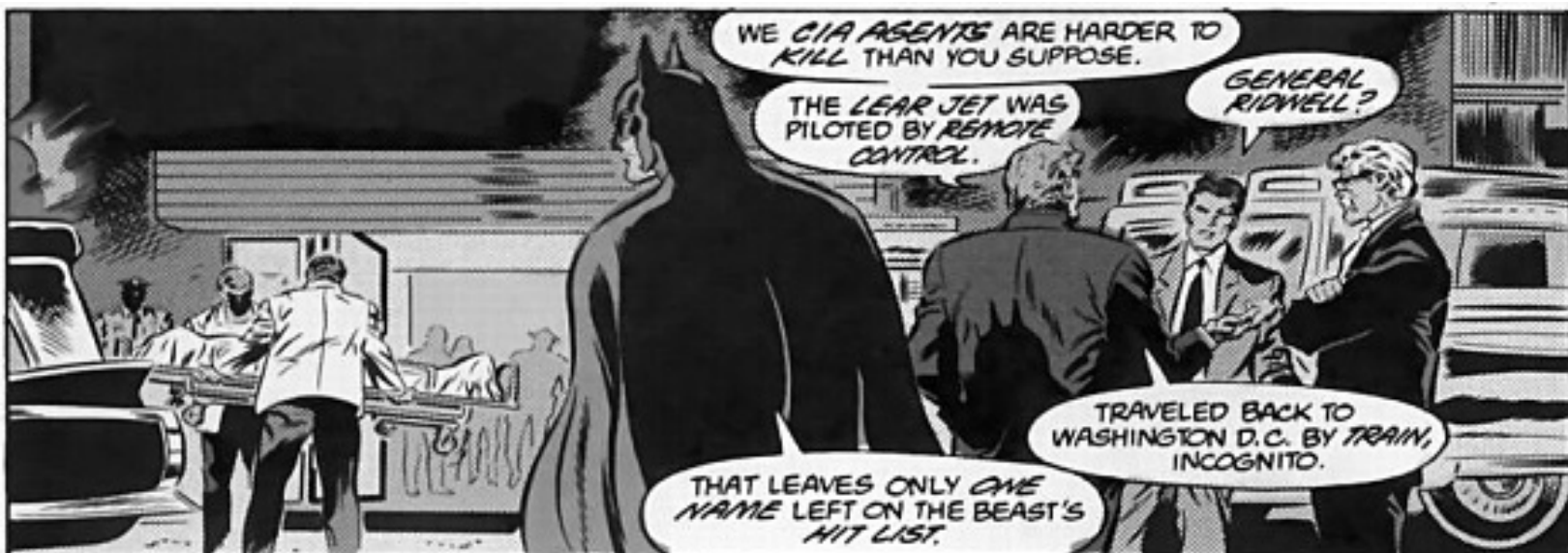
MAKE
THAT
TWO.

THREE IF YOU
COUNT ME.

RALPH
BUNDY! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAD!

KILLED IN
THAT PLANE
CRASH THIS
MORNING!

IT'S BEEN
A TOUGH
NIGHT.



DAY 6,
5:36 A.M.

THE SIGN OUT IN FRONT OF AMBROSE DEARLING'S SHOP CLAIMS HE'S AN ENGINEER.

AMBROSE DEARLING
ENGINEER

BUT EVERYONE IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND UNDERWORLD KNOW HE'S, IN REALITY, AN ILLEGAL MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE WEAPONS.

VERY INTERESTING.
I'VE NEVER CONSTRUCTED
SUCH A... UNIQUE
DEVICE.

CAN
YOU
HANDLE
THE JOB?

OF COURSE, BUT
IT WILL BE
EXPENSIVE...

NAME
YOUR PRICE.
HOW LONG
WILL IT
TAKE?

I'D SAY ABOUT
THREE
DAYS.

YOU'VE
GOT
TWO.

MISTER KNYAZEV WILL NEED
AT LEAST ONE DAY TO PRACTICE
WITH HIS NEW HAND.

JIM
STARLIN
writer

JIM
APARO
penciller

MIKE
DeCARLO
inker

JOHN
COSTANZA
letterer

ADRIENNE
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colorist

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editor